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"ON THE TARK OF FAIR, DELIGHTFUL PEACE, UNWARPED BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

TERMS—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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THE JOBBER'S CLERK.

BY JAMES DIXON.

Charles Emilen was clerk in a Dry Goods jobbing house in Cedar street; young, ambitious, and of a good family, his expectations of entering early into business on his own account, were flattering, and not without the youthful hope of being prosperous.

Having received a liberal education, and the ground-work of a mercantile career as thoroughly engrained into his mind as theory would permit; his father placed him in the store of an old and experienced merchant and valued friend. In the course of two or three years, Charles became a useful member of the establishment. He was permitted to attend city customers, and occasionally accompany an old drummer to the hotels, to bore the country merchants. In a short time, however, he out of his leading strings, and fairly launched into the vortex of drummers, an accomplished borer, and a good salesman.

Till he had passed his twentieth birthday, his parents had watched with a jealous care his moral and religious conduct, and the most fastidious churchman could find no fault with him. His friends pointed him out as a youth of great promise, and more than one mother had an eye on him as her future son-in-law, while many a father held him up as a guide and example for their less hopeful sons to follow.

The occupation of Charles Emilen was one that caused him to be regarded as the most dissipated of his age, and his habits of dissipation from home in the evenings was always attributed to "business," and his father having no reason to doubt the veracity of his son, the excuse was held good, with an occasional dash of his approbation in so much industry.

Although Charles was a nice young man, yet he was rather an old one in the ways of a city life. Billiards and ten pins were found to be both healthful and gentlemanly, while Dundee bells, foils and boxing gloves, were quite as indispensable to strengthen his nerves, as bear's grease or bergamont to beautify his person.

His accomplishments on these articles, however, were unknown to his parents; in fact, they would have been highly offended if any good natured busy-body, or meddling old aunt, had even hinted at such things being within a possibility, much less a genuine reality.

Charles was a shrewd young fellow, (but what clerk in Cedar street is not!) and he pulled the wool over the eyes of his pa and ma in a scientific manner. When they thought he was at the store, if they had looked in at the theatre, they might have seen that he was not. When they imagined that he was imbibing the true knowledge and quaffing old streams of wisdom from the musty volumes at the Mercantile Library, had they popped their heads into No. 9, at our old friend Sandy Welsh's, they might have seen Master Charles with some fellow clerks and country merchants, intently discussing the merits of an oyster stew, or the wing of a snipe; washing down the same little delicacies with the Anchor Brand, or Oard's sparkling and bright.

Our clerk, all this time, showed an external apathy to the pleasures of this world, when in the presence of his brothers and sisters, and if invited to accompany them to a party, invariably declined. Business was to him everything; nothing could be got out of him but business.

"He will live and die a confirmed old bachelor."

"You are right, sister," the gentle Mary would reply, "he is absolutely ruining his health by such close application to his employer's interests."

"We must get pa to take him from that horrid store, my dear Mary."

"Yes, Lucy, or the confinement will throw him into a consumption."

"I declare, I believe I see the symptoms on him now! Do you notice, sister, how pale he is in the mornings; and how very thirsty; and how he strains and reaches; and how very late they keep at work, notwithstanding he is so weak. Let us consult ma what is to be done."

"Good, innocent girls. How kind and considerate! What a fluttering there would be with your dear little hearts, if you only knew how he spent his evenings. You would then be able to account for his disgust to go to parties with you; and why he preferred his own room on a Sunday to your company to church."

"But, Miss Lucy, will you do me the favor to accompany me this evening, and I will introduce you to a young gentleman, though an old acquaintance!"

"With pleasure; but I trust you will not expose me to any unnecessary exhibition of myself, or place me where my feelings will be shocked."

"By no means. But you must prepare yourself to witness scenes your modesty never dreamt of, or your goodness of heart would never credit without seeing for yourself."

First, then, let us go to the theatre. The house is crowded, and several personal acquaintances occupy seats in the lower tier of boxes. They do not know us, however, as we are disguised. The play proceeds; the various actors receive well-merited applause, and W—

exerts himself more than usual, as it is his benefit. Suddenly a loud laugh is heard from adjoining the gallery. We look up; surely, no! it cannot be!

It is Charles Emilen! with several young men and females. They talk quite loud and loud, and to attract the notice of the audience, they observe this and shrink back, or that and that down.

"What do you expect to see Charles there?"

"Very likely, and it was very hard to be so closely confined."

"But they have their seats; let us go." We proceed up stairs to the saloon; before the bar stands Charles and his companions. They drink lemonade! No. Wine! No. Whiskey punch, I declare! The women too! Certainly. But listen; Charles addresses a rough, uncouth, red-faced, gaudily dressed girl, as his pretty moppet; he takes her hand in his and asks her to accompany him to ———— Ball, at ———— Hall. She consents, and the other young men invite their partners; they take more liquor, and depart in great excitement.

"I feel faint, Mr. W. Let us go home!"

"Not yet, Miss Lucy; the open air will refresh you. We will retire, and the walk to Hall will entirely reanimate you."

"Surely you do not intend to follow them there?"

"By all means, Miss Lucy; it is your duty to know how that pale haggard cheek of your brother is brought on."

"I consent, but it is a bitter experience."

We arrive at the Ball room, and are admitted with reluctance, because we object to leave our clients, &c. We apologize, saying our wish is merely to see a dance, and retire; we get into a corner, but can see everything that is going on; the master of the ceremonies invites the gentlemen to take partners, and the conditions are forming; Charles and his partners take their places close by us; but our disguise is so complete that we are not recognized. Charles appears very gay and affable to his partner, and it is evident they are well acquainted; she thinks him for a ring he had sent her, and he is pleased with the compliments she passes. The dance commences.

During the time they are dancing, Lucy's eyes are filled with tears. Her heart throbs at the sight of her brother's partner, and she is gazing at him with a look of intense interest. Her eyes are fairly opened to the cause of his sufferings in the morning; his apathy towards her and her sisters; his fretfulness, and what his pale and death-like appearance; all these are well accounted for now.

Well, the dance is over, and Charles takes his partner to the refreshment room. Shall we follow them? Oh, no! enough and too much has been witnessed by the affectionate and almost heart-broken sister. We will retire, and at home await the arrival of her brother. On arriving at the house we were admitted by Mary, who gently chides us for keeping her up so late. She is inquisitive as to where we have been, but we avoid direct answers, and tired with not being able to get anything satisfactory from us, she retires to her room.

Character of the young men—the companions of her brothers; they are clerks similar to him, holding responsible places of trust; sons of respectable parents; idols of affectionate sisters, and the hope of dotting mothers. And the girls, who are they? We pretend not to hear the question, and introduce another subject. The eyes are noticed; the truth flashes across the mind of the poor devoted girl, and her full heart seeks vent in tears.

As we propose awaiting Charles's return home, we converse on the scenes of the evening. She is astounded at what she saw—hardly can she realize the fact. The clock strikes one, yet he comes not; no footstep disturbs the midnight's stillness, save the measured tread of the watchman. Two, peals from the tower of St. John's Church, and still he lingers. Lucy frets for his safety, and her eyes are red and swollen from weeping. At length a noise is heard at the street door, as if some one was trying to get a key in the latch—it fills; imprecations are heard; all is quiet for some moments—some persons are conversing—it is Charles and the watchman; the key is found; the door opened; the watchman rewarded, and the door gently closed, bolted and locked. Reeling through the hall, he arrives at the foot of the stairs, takes a lamp which has been left lighted for him, and by the help of the banisters manages to reach his chamber, much to the gratification of Lucy, who follows him on tip-toe, expecting every moment to see him fall back and kill himself.

The poor girl having fully satisfied herself as to cause of Charles's absence from home every evening went to her bed almost distracted. Intoxication's deep and damning cup was fast engulfing another victim, and that victim her beloved brother. O, how she tossed on her sleepless bed, and invoked the Father of Mercy, to turn her brother's heart from vice and shame to truth and virtue.

One short month only had elapsed from the time we have been writing, when in the front parlor of old Mr. Emilen's house a group was standing around a middle aged gentlemanly personage, who had just descended from the upper part of the house; his mind appeared depressed, and his thoughtful countenance bespoke something serious agitating within. His lips were compressed and he evidently felt ill at ease. A death-like silence prevailed; as if each one was afraid to speak.

"Doctor, is there no hope for my little boy?"

"Nothing, my dear madam, I can flatter you no longer with hope. He will be a corpse ere three days."

A silent and affectionate tear started to the eye of each. The die was cast; the edict had gone forth, and death was about to claim his own. Medical skill was called in, in vain; the ruinous seeds of Alcohol had been too firmly planted in the vitals of Charles Emilen to be eradicated again, and the misguided youth sank to a premature grave, a victim of pleasure and a deceiver, both to himself and those who loved him.

On the death of Charles, being announced, consumption was charged with the crime of adding one more to its catalogue; midnight hours at labor in Cedar street were denounced, and merchants charged as murderers of their young, confiding, and overworked clerks. Oh! Consumption! thou art a cloak for a far more potent and delusive enemy than myself, but as thou art, hundreds have gone down to the drunkard's grave, whose sins thou hast assumed, or rather they have thrust upon thee. Far and wide throughout the land thou art vilified; and Rum, the Devil's friend on earth, is robbed of the credit it accomplishes but too well.

How many hundreds of Charles Emilens—young

and full of hope as he was—are wasted every year to unknown regions, whose parents and friends never know the true cause of their sudden indisposition and demise, and how few Lucy Emilens there are who take the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the facts, although they are as plain as day light; yet they will not believe them till it is too late to stem the current of licentiousness, which might easily be stopped at the onset if young ladies would discountenance all young men who use intoxicating drinks.

John Wesley.—In disposition John Wesley was kind, placable, and affectionate. He practised a strict economy, not with any sordid motives, but for the purpose of administering extensively to the wants of the poor. His integrity was unimpeachable; and money would have been of no value in his estimation but that it afforded him the means of increasing his utility. He passed six months in Georgia without possessing a single shilling; and it has been surmised from his own account when a young man at Oxford, his income was 30 pounds per annum, he still lived on twenty-eight and gave away thirty-two; the third year he received ninety and gave away sixty-two; the fourth year he received a hundred and twenty; still he lived on as before, on twenty-eight, and gave away ninety-two. In the plenitude of his power, the commissioners of the excise, supposing that he had plate, which, in order to avoid the duty, he had not returned, wrote to him on the subject. Wesley replied, "I have two silver spoons in London, and one in Bristol—this is all the plate that I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread."

Dr. Parr was celebrated for the unsparing severity with which he could deal out his dumbfounders, when the occasion justified their infliction. A flippant chatterer, after having spoken slightly of the miracles, exclaimed, "Well but, Doctor, what think you of the mark of the cross upon the ass's back, which they say indicates the precise spot where the animal was smitten by Balaam?"

"Why, sir," replied the doctor, "I say that if you had a little more of the cross, and a good deal less of the ass, it would be much better for you."

Upon another occasion, a shallow snatterer, tauntingly asked him why he did not write a book—"Sir, I know a method by which I might soon write a very large one."

"Ah, doctor! how so?"

"Why, sir, by putting in all that I know, and all that you do not know."

THE ECHO.—"Patrick where have you been this hour or more? you must not absent yourself without my permission."

"Och, never more will I do the like, sir."

"Well, give an account of yourself, you seem out of breath."

"Tat the same I am, sir, I never was in such fear since I come to America. I'll tell ye all."

Heard hecho, or over in the woods, behind the hill. And a shot by what yaid uv it, so it does, by the powers! Well, I just run over to the place ye was speakin uv, to converse a bit with the wondrous creature. So said I, "Hillo, hillo, hillo, hillo!" and sure enough the hecho said, "Hillo, hillo, hillo! you narry rascal!" I thoct I was very queer, sir; and I said hillo again.

"Hillo, yourself," said the hecho, "you begun it first!" "What the devil are ye made uv," said I. "Shut your mouth, said the hecho." So said I, "ye blathersoundrill, if ye was flesh and blood, like an honest man, that ye is n't I'd hammer ye til the mother of ye would know her impudent son."

"And what do ye think the hecho said to that sir?" "Scamper ye haste off, Paddy," said he, "or fate if I catch you, I'll break every bone in your ugly skin."

RELIGION IS LIFE.—Religion in the Bible is frequently called life! There is appropriateness in the term. For as natural life is the source of all bodily sensation and activity, so religion is a principal in the heart, which is the source of all spiritual activity and holiness. It is life, par excellence; without it, morality is but a dead principle, and our best actions but specious sins. It is quickening power, planted amid the sensualities of our nature by the Holy Spirit. It is the divine nature within us, and makes us one with God and Christ. It gives meaning to the promises of scripture, not before understood. It is the rock of holiness in our stormy souls; and the springing from it, will blossom and bear fruit for ever.

Upon a certain day, an eagle, who wished to advance the reputation of a new turnpike through a section in Virginia, made the following sublime speech as we learn from the Marshall Sentinel:

"May I please your worships! while Europe is convulsed in civil discord, and her empires tremble with internal commotions, and while her astronomers count the wings of their imagination, and soar through the ethereal void, pursuing their course from system to system, and they have explored the vast eternity of space—let us direct our attention to a road more immediately in our neighborhood."

I hope it will be written on the tablets of your heart in characters not to be effaced by ambition, avarice or pleasure, that the only sure and certain happiness to be found on this side of the grave, is a consciousness of your own rectitude. All peace and homefelt joy are the reward of virtue. And there is no applause in this world worth having unless it is crowned with our own. —St. J. E. Wil-

not to his Son.

PATHEtic.—A learned young lady being asked at a tea-table if she used sugar, replied, "I have a diabolical, invincible repugnance to sugar, for to my insensible cogitations upon the object, the flaviness of the sugar nullifies the flaviness of the tea, and renders it vastly obnoxious!"

"I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clark, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an admirable lesson. You cannot have so many—poker, tongs, and all: keep them all going."

INTERESTING TO GIRLS AND WIDOWS.—The conjurers have been casting figures in regard to the aspects and conjunctions of Mars at Venus, and their remarkably ardent and brilliant appearance. The result is, that they predict lovely, loving, and love-making winter. Make nry, all ye spinsters.

WADDY THOMPSON'S LETTER.

(CONTINUED.)

Not so with Texas. There would be no means of transporting troops to Texas but by the dangerous navigation of the Gulf, thus encountering all the inconvenience in the defence which an invading enemy would have in the attack; and with a superior hostile naval force in command of the Gulf of Mexico, which is to be anticipated in the event of such an invasion, our troops could not be transported at all. In any event, it would be transferring the conflict from the land, where we should be absolutely impregnable, to the water, where we might be the weaker power. Then, again, instead of the impassable swamps lying between the Mississippi and Texas, a natural and impregnable fortification, we should have an increased marine frontier of several hundred miles and a land frontier of two thousand miles, without rivers, mountains, or swamps, or any the slightest natural barrier, unless we could realize the very bright idea of General Cass of annexing all the contiguous territory. To do which, we must round off our boundaries by going to Cape Horn and the Pacific. I know only one instance of an equally sagacious suggestion, as that of General Cass about contiguous territory, and that was of the farmer who said that he discovered that the squirrels destroyed only the outside rows of his corn, and to secure himself from future depredations by planting no outside rows. If I am descending from the dignity of the subject, it is because ridicule is the only proper reply to such an argument. It is said that the annexation of Texas will increase the political power of the slaveholding States, and their vote in Congress. Such cannot be the result in the House of Representatives; for the slaves will only be diffused; their number will not be increased; that is perfectly clear. But it has been said that Texas will be divided into four or five States, all of which will be slaveholding States, and of course represented in the Senate, and thus give to the South a conservative, a checking, power. If I believed that the non-slaveholding States would concede us this, I would disregard all minor objections and go for the measure. But does any sane man really believe it? Will the non-slaveholding States, having the majority, in the Senate, as a legislative body, surrender that majority, and also the majority in the House, as an alternative electoral body of President? Will they divide Texas into four States, and give to those four States equal power in the election of President with New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Massachusetts? Would we, under like circumstances, consent to the annexation of Canada, and divide it into four or five States? Would we do this too at the risk of a foreign war; and the more especially if our Northern brethren, with a most remarkable frankness, were to announce to us that their great motive in desiring it was to take the political power out of our hands and place it in their own? And are they less sagacious in perceiving their interests, less prompt to pursue them, such certainty is not the general estimate of their character. A striking fact in this matter is, that at the very threshold of this question, it has been proposed by two Senators from slaveholding States (Mr. Benton and Mr. Henderson) to divide Texas into an equal number of slaveholding and non-slaveholding States. What, then, will we have gained in political strength? If Southern Senators begin by making this concession, there must some show of reason on that side. And is it to be supposed that the members from non-slaveholding States will yield the point? As to the Missouri compromise, the obvious reply which will be made will be, that that compromise was made with reference to territory which was then included in the Union, and not to future acquisitions by purchase or conquest. In case of such a division, shall we have gained anything by having non-slaveholding States of the Union on our southwestern border instead of a foreign non-slaveholding State. I decidedly prefer the latter; for it is not to be denied that our Northern brethren, in this respect at least, "a little more than kin, and a little less than kind," often commit outrages upon our rights, which would not be submitted to from a foreign power; and, besides, if non-slaveholding States of the Union were established there, we should have the dangerous element of political and party feeling, which would not exist in the case of a foreign non-slaveholding State.

But the real question is not between Texas, a foreign non-slaveholding State, and Texas, divided into an equal number of slaveholding and non-slaveholding States of the Union; but it is between Texas thus divided if admitted into the Union, and Texas, if not annexed, an undivided slaveholding country. My life upon it, Texas will not consent; five per cent. of her population can never be brought to consent to the abolition of slavery. And we should thus have a slaveholding Republic on our border, with similar institutions and interests, and which must, from necessity, be our friend and ally, and which would serve as a breakwater between us and our non-slaveholding neighbor, and would guard our frontier; to use a familiar illustration, enjoying all the advantage which I do with my neighbor whose farm joins mine, while he has to keep up the fence, which nevertheless protects my crop as much as it does his own. But if it is really intended that all the States to be created out of Texas are to be admitted as slaveholding States, why was it not so stipulated in the treaty—why was it not this "nominated in the bond?" Was it intended to steal a march on the non-slaveholding States—to be silent now upon that point, and hereafter insist upon it? If so, it should have been remembered, that in the body which must decide that question the non-slaveholding States have the majority.

I solemnly declare that, in a recent visit to the North, I have seen no single man that was willing to receive Texas divided into slaveholding States into the Union, nor of the very few Northern presses which advocate the measure, have I seen a single one which does so on the ground of its giving security to the institution of slavery. I believe it is almost universally advocated by the few at the North who are in favor of the measure upon exactly opposite grounds. Will any leading politician of the North come out and say that he is in favor of dividing Texas into three or four slave states, and receiving them as such into the Union? Will Mr. Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, say so? I am not to be frightened "from my propriety" by the fear of Texas forming some alliance with England disadvantageous to our interest. This is an old story. Gen. Hunt, as the Texian Minister, held out the same idea more than seven years ago. Why has such an alliance never been entered into? Surely Texas has stood more in need of it than she does now. I have known a hesitating swain led to the altar by his fair lady, threatening him that if he did not

marry her she would marry some one else. One scarcely knows this phantom, for it is perpetually changing its shape. First it was, that if we did not receive Texas, she would throw herself into the arms of England as a colony or dependency. Then again it was, that England was to guarantee the independence of Texas upon the condition of the abolition of slavery; and the last version is, that England is to interpose, forcibly if need be, and put an end to the war, without any condition as to abolition. As to the two first versions, England has over and over again disclaimed any such purpose, and I know no similar instance in her whole history of her condescending to repeat a disclaimer once already made and not credited. England is not the country to do a mean and sneaking thing. A wrong and an arrogant one she may do, but that "old and haughty nation" is incapable of deliberate falsehood. And I mean say, in this connection, that I can see no justification for the jealousy and vituperation of England which is so common with a certain class of politicians. I believe that there is no country in the world with which it is so much the interest, and therefore the policy of England to cultivate friendly relations as the United States. We consume nearly one-fourth of the productions of English labor. This bond of interest is enough, but there are others (of not less force), in language, laws, race, and free institutions; for, with the exception of our own country, there is no other where all the securities of private rights, and all the guarantees of public liberty are so numerous and perfect as in England. It is not upon us that England looks with jealousy, but upon the powerful despots of the North of Europe; and in a contest with them, a contest between unlimited monarchy and the representative principle, she looks to us as allies, not as enemies. That England desires the independence and prosperity of Texas, we do not doubt. Do we differ with her in this, or shall we quarrel with her on this account? It is perfectly natural, too, that England and all other commercial nations prefer to see Texas an independent power, with her markets open to all the world, than to have her annexed to our Union, and fenced in with our prohibitory tariff. And is the South disposed to enter upon this crusade of annexing all "contiguous territories" for the sake of securing their markets for the Northern manufactures?

I think it extremely improbable that England will put in jeopardy the large capital employed by her subjects in Mexico, her profitable commerce there, and the fifteen millions of specie which she annually derives from that commerce, by any forcible interposition in favor of Texas. The whole of the English West India and American establishments are paid with the specie thus derived; and I do not see, if this supply is cut off, how the deficiency can be supplied. That the abolition of slavery will be made the condition of such interposition, I unhesitatingly say is not true; and if it were, I am confidently assured that Texas will reject the proffered boon on any such terms. The independence upon the condition of abolishing slavery there, no one can believe who knows the man. He is the very last man in the world to be led off by such a sickly, canting philanthropy. I have strong reasons for saying that he has no prejudices against African slavery; and, like a wise man as he is, would have no great objection to see it introduced into Mexico. I will not be responsible that the characteristic sensibility to insult which belongs to the Castilian blood, and which the Mexicans inherit from their ancestors, may not precipitate them, in a moment of resentment against us, to do that with a view to injure us which no other inducement could have tempted them to do. They are an impulsive and violent people, and in a moment of passion there is nothing too rash and violent for them to do; and all the circumstances connected with the Texas treaty, and particularly the beleaguering their cities and frontiers with our armies and navies, will deeply wound and irritate them. Treat him with proper respect, and the proud and generous Spaniard will concede you any thing; wound his pride, and he is for ever your enemy. Any injury, however deep, he will promptly forgive; an insult or disrespect, never.

As to the late treaty, I should have voted against it.

1st. Because the President and Senate of Texas had no just power to make such a treaty. The President and Senate cannot change the most important law; still less can they change the organic law, and exercise the power which above all others requires the action of the people, where alone sovereign power resides—that of ceding away their whole country, and merging its existence in another power. The power of the President and Senate is under the Government and Constitution of Texas—not to abrogate that Government and Constitution. This, it will be said, is a matter of form more than of substance. Forms are often very substantial things, and certainly no forms are of a character more sacred than those which are provided for acts of such magnitude as the transferring the entire sovereignty of a country? Could the President and Senate of the United States do such an act? If not, what is the difference in the two cases? It may be, in the more degenerate days of our own Republic, that a corrupt President and Senate may make such a treaty with some foreign power. Let us not acknowledge that such an act would possess any binding obligation. It is no answer to this to say that there is no doubt that the great majority of the Texas people approve the treaty. Would an edict of the President, altering the penal law in the District of Columbia, have the authority of law without regular legislative enactment, even if every member of Congress and every voter in the United States approved it?

2d. The treaty is objectionable, because it is in effect a declaration of war without the action and approbation of the House of Representatives. It will not do to tell me that there is no war. I have too recently seen Mexican castles filled with Texan prisoners, triumphal processions, with banners waving which had been taken in battle, and men with the blood yet running from wounds received in those battles. And is it really true that there is no war; or is it, on the contrary, true that the very exigencies into which Texas is thrown by that war constitute the main inducement to this treaty, from an apprehension that the necessities of her position and her inability to maintain herself longer in the conflict, will force her, if we do not come to the rescue, to throw herself into the arms of some other strong power? For an answer to this question, let any impartial man read the correspondence between Judge Uphur, Mr. Van Zandt, and Mr. Murphy. In a note of the 8th of August last, Judge Uphur says to Mr. Murphy: "It is an important thing to England to obtain an influence over the policy of Texas; and the